

The News-Scimitar

PUBLISHED BY THE MEMPHIS NEWS-SCIMITAR COMPANY

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Postoffice at Memphis, Tenn., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

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BETTER PLAY SAFE

Now that money rates have stiffened after a prolonged spell of cheapness, it having been about the last commodity to join the ascending scale, the average man is beginning to put on his thinking cap and speculate as to some of the probable effects.

We have seen how foreign credits have crumbled sensationally after their sustained tension, and one of the contributing causes has been the action of the Federal Reserve banking system of this country in elevating its discount rates, which forced the entire banking interests of the country to take similar action. An accompanying circumstance was restriction of credits and more or less liquidation of accounts. The announcement from official circles that this government had concluded to make no further loans of consequence to the foreign countries, deeming it time to let Europe begin to make more provision for herself by decreasing imports and increasing exports, was prominent in helping to shake the bottom from under the rates of exchange with the United States.

While the markets of the country for a few days were badly disturbed and many predicted a sudden start downward of values in nearly every direction, time enough has elapsed to show that such talk was a bit premature. There has been some reaction in values, and more may be on the way, but indications are that there will be no sudden break or decline. It is not likely that the ultimate consumer will see much relief any time soon; but he can find some comfort if there is an end to the advance.

With this turning of the tide, whether it be temporary or permanent, should come some careful consideration of what the future may hold. Here in the South especially should sane thinking be done, for the temptation to expect cotton to prove an exception to a possible decline in values is apparently great, if reports from many directions are true.

It will cost more to grow the next crop of cotton, perhaps, than any in history, the only escape possible being an abnormally favorable season. Unfortunately the South failed last year to make much corn and other feed crops, although planning for large outturns, which means that during the coming season she must buy heavily from other sections at high prices.

Labor is going to cost more than ever before, and at this time promises to be scarce. All that enters into making the crop will cost more than ever, high as they have been before. These facts are assured.

As to prospective prices for cotton, there is no way of telling whether they will be 25 cents or 40 cents a pound, for the law of supply and demand will apply. The general idea that values have seen their highest levels, including cotton and its products, would seem to suggest that it will be wise to plan for a possible disappointment in prices. Certainly it will not hurt, and if the worst comes and an unexpectedly big crop is made there would be every reason to be thankful if precautions were taken.

Those who are in best position to judge believe that the safest precaution is for the South to continue its policy of raising all it can of its necessities and not neglecting everything else for cotton. It were better to play a bit safe and not venture all on cotton, and then lose, which has been done before in the land that is now enjoying the greatest era of prosperity in its history.

WHAT IS HAPPINESS?

Throughout all the ages, in all climates and all times, seers and poets have speculated upon what constitutes happiness. Many good blocks of stone, rolls of papyrus, parchment or good white paper have been consumed with efforts to define it. But a humble smithy in a village in the far western state of Nebraska has come about as near to telling what happiness is as any of the great minds that have from time to time addressed themselves to the task. This man writes to the editor of his local paper:

I wonder if you knew that one of the richest men in the world was fourteen miles north of Norfolk, right here in Pierce, Neb? That man is the writer. I am just a common "plug blacksmith," but oh, how rich! I go to my labors each morning, work until noon, go to dinner, return at 1 p.m., and work till 6 o'clock. I enjoy the greatest of all blessings, good health. Rockefeller would give all he possesses in money or holdings for my stomach, but he can't have it.

Each day sees something accomplished and every job of work I turn out I feel that I have done my customer a service "worthy of hire." I have a most wonderful little wife. She has stuck to me twenty-two years now, so I know she must be a dandy to accomplish that. I have a little home, a beautiful daughter, a son grown to maturity, and now in life's game for himself. Rich? Why, man alive, who can possibly be richer? Then, to add to all the above riches, take down my old shotgun in season and ramble through fields, woods and tangle in search of the elusive cotton-tail, teal and mallard with my faithful old pointer at "heel" (now past eleven years old), and he is as happy as I when on the hunt. Then, when I get back, on how good everything does taste. Then, when I get to bed at night, I enjoy a good old-fashioned, comfortable, warm bed, and I go to sleep with a contented heart. I settle down in a good old-fashioned chair, enjoy a smoke and then roll into bed to be embraced by "Morphine" and never have a sound until the beautiful break of another day. Rich, did you say? Well, I guess, \$5, no—not many. You inquired about riches, not material wealth.

The height of my ambition is to live so that I may have no regrets for having lived, when the time comes for me to shuffle off this mortal coil, and I hope, by that time to have accumulated just enough \$3 that myself and mine may not be objects of charity.

This, then, is my idea of a rich man. If anyone enjoys life more than I do, he is to be envied for his riches.

This letter was in reply to an editorial which the village editor had indited to some of the leading millionaires of the country. It is an admonition to the ambitious and a rebuke to the covetous. It should teach those self-elected millionaires who feel that they are oppressed because some men have exalted positions in the world, great coffers of gold, multimillions in herds, or far stretching estates, that happiness is in the reach of any reasonable man. The sturdy writer of that letter has attained the elusive goal of mankind through the simple expedient of work, thrift and love. No reason for him to envy riches of a millionaire or the honors of a king. He has found the philosopher's stone whereby the base metal of common things is turned into the gold of happiness. Let the malcontents who bewail the sorry state of the world and the all-wrongness of things be shamed by this humble devotee of the anvil. Let those who thirst for glory and those who hunger for gold read and discover how vain are all their repinings. Such men as this blacksmith, like the patient Atlas, bear the world upon their strong shoulders; they sustain nations and advance civilization against all the errors of little men who imagine themselves great.

The Germans are probably beginning to feel that instead of receiving an olive branch from the Paris peace conference they drew a ripe olive, extensively infected with the botulinus germ.

Fine feathers may not make fine birds, but they can make a "chicken" look mighty tempting.

Movie of a Man With Something on the Hip By Briggs

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PUTS IT CAUTIOUSLY IN RIGHT HAND HIP POCKET



TRIES TO APPEAR UNSOPHISTICATED



STARTS DOWN STREET CONSCIOUS OF HIP POCKET CONTENTS



OBSERVES MAN STARING AT HIM AND FEELS GUILTY



SUPER-CONSCIOUS OF HIP POCKET



IMAGINES THE CROWD KNOWS THERE IS SOMETHING CONCEALED



THINKS REVENUE AGENTS HAVE SURELY SPOTTED TELL TALE GARMENTS



UNBURDENED TINY FLASK WITH SIGN OF RELIEF BECAUSE OF NARROW ESCAPE.



YE TOWNE GOSSIP

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)
BY K.C.B.

JUST SUPPOSING.

YOU WERE on a train.

AND YOU'D raise the curtain.

NEXT to your berth.

AND OUTSIDE.

IT WAS gray.

AND FOGGY.

WITH THE early dawn.

AND ALL night.

YOU'D BEEN burning up.

AND KNIFE-LIKE pains.

HAD BEEN shooting about.

INSIDE YOUR head.

AND DOWN your back.

AND IN all your joints.

AND THEN at last.

THERE CAME a screeching.

OF THE setting brakes.

AND THE train stopped.

AND THE railing coiled.

AND SLEEPY voices.

AND WANDERING ABOUT.

AND TRAINMEN came.

AND AMMURED the wheels.

AND A baby cried.

AND ALL the time.

YOUR HEAD still ached.

AND THE fire burned.

AND THE knife-like pains.

KEPT SHOOTING ABOUT.

AND SOMEONE knocked.

ON YOUR cotbernoon down.

AND A woman came.

IN A window seat.

AND A great tin cup.

AND THIS bag of tools.

AND LOOKED down on you.

AND FELT your pulse.

AND PUT a thermometer.

BENEATH YOUR tongue.

AND QUESTIONED your wife.

AND REMOVED the thermometer.

AND THEN he asked.

IF YOU'D had smallpox.

AND A terror came.

AND YOU seemed to see.

A DESOLATE place.

WHERE A frame shack stood.

AND IT wasn't painted.

AND YOU felt right away.

THEY'D TAKE you away.

IN AN ambulance.

FROM OFF the train.

AND YOU were scared.

AND YOUR wife was scared.

JUST SUPPOSING that.

AND THEN please say.

IF YOU wouldn't have done.

JUST WHAT I did.

WHEN I rose right up.

AND ASSURED the doctor.

I WAS very much better.

AND HAD no pains.

AND WOULD be all right.

IN AN hour or two.

THAT'S WHAT I did.

AND HE gave me some pills.

AND WENT away.

AND ALL that day.

TILL LATE in the night.

I LAY right there.

TILL THEY took me off.

IN MY old home town.

AND I'M all right now.

AND IT wasn't smallpox.

David Houston Had Two Posts

David P. Houston, who recently had been the secretary of agriculture, has been named as the new secretary of the treasury.

He was born in 1859, in the town of Houston, Texas. He was educated at the University of Texas, and served in the army during the Spanish-American war.

He was appointed secretary of the treasury in 1919, and served in that position until 1920. He was then appointed secretary of agriculture, and served in that position until 1921.

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PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

The presidential possibilities are great this year, but the presidential impostor is still considerably greater.

If Congress refuses again to admit Victor, the secretary of agriculture, to the cabinet, it will take him to Arizona.

Nowadays if a man's collar is wet he doesn't send for a plumber. He sends for his friends. Baltimore American.

How would you like to have the hat-checking privilege for the presidential race this year? New York Mail.

The Bolsheviks are reported to be invading Armenia. The Armenians probably will say, "Give us back our country." Turkey State Journal.

The British are said to have arranged for a large supply of American cotton. The cotton is said to be of the best quality. St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A draft dodger has gone insane. Probably on the advice of his attorney. Chicago Post.

Perhaps we had better be a little cautious about fraternizing with Mars, the "red" planet. Chicago Post.

Those who predicted an open winter were right. It has been open to criticism. Providence Journal.

Former crown prince of Germany wants to live in Poland, but principally wants to live in Indianapolis Star.

He worked in New York and Pennsylvania at the time when the Pennsylvania was a great and sudden fortune in the oil business, and many of his friends of residence had to be decorated for his work. He was a great and sudden fortune in the oil business, and many of his friends of residence had to be decorated for his work.

When he had finished his apprenticeship, he came back to Washington, and he was a great and sudden fortune in the oil business, and many of his friends of residence had to be decorated for his work.

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THE HASKIN LETTER

THE CAPITAL'S ARTIST

BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 11.—The fact is not generally known that congress has an artist. He is officially known as the designer of the bureau of painting, under Elliott Woods, who has charge of all the government buildings and grounds in the district.

This artist, Mr. Moberly, is a versatile man, and he has to be. Everything that anyone connected with the capital wants done in the way of art, design or painting it devolves upon Moberly to do. His duties range from such difficult artistic feats as restoring one of the famous Brumidi frescoes, which has been practically destroyed by fire, to the making of a giant map of a harbor for some congressman to use on the floor of the house in pressing his claim for an appropriation.

Moberly made an appointment this other day to meet a reporter opposite the room of the joint committee on printing, where he was painting a portrait of a man who had been dead for some time. He had left directions that he would be in his shop in the basement.

There he was found executing a realistic likeness of an automobile license for some clerk who had lost his. In about five minutes the district license, which would have fooled any cop in the country, was rewarded with a copy of the license, which was shared with his interviewer, which shows that Moberly is not only a versatile artist, but also a generous one.

The greater part of Moberly's work consists in caring for all of the painted decorations in the capital buildings. The magnitude and variety of this job you would never realize unless you could accompany Moberly when he goes out of the building. Not only are there a great many oil paintings hung in the building, but almost every surface is covered with a wall on every floor above the basement is in some way decorated—either with a fresco, a mural painting, or a relief.

It is probably no exaggeration to say that there are a series of subjects, and the destruction of a building all of which are more or less subject to injury by time, moisture, or fire. For example, when a century ago some crank fired a bomb in one of the corridors and wrecked a couple of walls, the principal thing that he did was to destroy a series of valuable mural paintings by Brumidi, which it took a long time to replace. It is a striking proof of his familiarity with every inch of this capital building.

He explained that to reproduce the Brumidi pictures from memory in such a way that a very close reproduction is made is a task of no small magnitude. He said that the Brumidi's work ends and Moberly's begins. He believes that the duty of a restorer is not to express his own ideas, but to reproduce the original artist and to try to do what that artist was trying to do.

For which requires imagination and sympathy as well as artistic skill. Moberly is peculiarly qualified. He has a sense of the value of the work he is doing, and he has followed both. He describes himself as a painter taught by the committee created by the act of 1892, which gave him the job of restoring the old buildings.

Some other chap who shared in the work had a penchant for painting life and animals, and he put in a lot of little pictures of coyotes, foxes, wolves, and wildcats. But his interest was not in the animals, but in the architecture. He was a great and sudden fortune in the oil business, and many of his friends of residence had to be decorated for his work.

There was still another artist whose talent ran to small and dreary landscapes, and he was a great and sudden fortune in the oil business, and many of his friends of residence had to be decorated for his work.

He did a lot of them, some when he was sober and others apparently when he was drunk. In one he has caricatured a man, and in another he has caricatured a woman. He was a great and sudden fortune in the oil business, and many of his friends of residence had to be decorated for his work.

There are only a few of the many interesting things that Moberly pointed out to me. He is a great and sudden fortune in the oil business, and many of his friends of residence had to be decorated for his work.

Moberly loves his work and his building, but he confesses that sometimes he is discouraged. He has thought of leaving the building decorated as he thinks the finances of his work, and by the time he had given up this hope, Congress would appropriate enough money.

"Some people," sniffed the passenger who wanted the seat upon which a tired man had put his feet, "some people think they've bought the railroad when they've took a tuppenny ticket to 'Clam Junction'."

"Referring to me?" said the tired man, aggressively.

"No, to your vast beginnings," said the other, glancing with scorn at the intruding boots.

"Put my tired feet where I like," said the tired one. "Put 'em on the rack if I want to."

It was the opportunity for a master stroke of sarcasm.

"You'll be fined if you do," said the objector. "That rack's for small articles only."

Daily Editorial Digest

THIS column is designed to reproduce without bias the latest comment by the leading newspapers and periodicals on the questions of the day.

Can Cities Be Too Big?

The typical American city is always struggling for the most ineffective way to bring its equipment and governmental facilities up even with its needs. Always there is the feeling that ought to be done, sewers that ought to be dug, bridges and waterworks that ought to be built, and so on. Always there is the problem of schools outgrowing schoolhouses. Always there is the problem of Americanizing newcomers from foreign lands. The city is never satisfied, never finished, so that it never, for a single year, is able to function normally, as a mature municipal organism. Is this condition to last forever, growing worse rather than better as the city expands? And the largest cities, those now young for grandeur, a majority of them included in the "first ten" or the "first five" in the country—will they always remain as they are? How the country is smaller if she could. But there is the fatal side of it. Cities grow very fast, and the growth is not always destined to large growth because of location and other factors, could they, if they wanted to? Could Chicago help becoming the biggest city in America? And what sort of place did all cities become after another century or so?

Try to picture a city of 10,000,000 or 20,000,000 people. Can you make it a pleasant picture? Or is it not, in many respects at least, a picture of vague dread and horror? How the country is smaller if she could. But there is the fatal side of it. Cities grow very fast, and the growth is not always destined to large growth because of location and other factors, could they, if they wanted to? Could Chicago help becoming the biggest city in America? And what sort of place did all cities become after another century or so?

There unquestionably is widespread discontent among the farmers, and the principal reason for it is that while the consumers have been paying exorbitant prices for food, the farmers, who are the producers, have not been getting their share, the lion's share going to the middlemen.

It is clear that the farmers and the consumers must be brought into closer touch. If the farmers could sell directly to the consumers, they would receive better prices and the consumers would get their food cheaper, for it can be shown that the cost of food to the consumers would be less satisfied if to what they get at present were added half the cost of the middlemen's profit.

The postoffice department sent out a questionnaire to get information as to the nature of the business for enabling producers to ship their products direct to consumers. The parcel post system has done something in this way, but it is far from ideal.

Greater effort must be made, also, to provide farm help and to check the advance of the middlemen's profit to the cities. To do this life on the farm must be made attractive, and this can be done by the government. The government should be established to furnish recreation and intercourse, and the farm should be made a more attractive place. It cannot be denied that on many farms life is dreary enough.

Industrious farming is required. The prospect of still higher food prices is like a nightmare to the masses. Every prudent agency should be set on foot to avoid such a calamity—Albany (Dem.).

Whenever a definite proposal is made that the personnel in some war-essential business be reduced to a peace basis, employees threatened with demobilization appeal to their representatives for aid. The suggestion is challenged. Soldiers welcome release from war duties. Clerks (Dem.).

Members of congress, alert to the issue of government economy might well be interested in the fact that the government has a large number of employees who are not doing any work. They are called "dead weight" and they are a great burden on the government.

Senator Jones of Washington told his colleagues recently that clerks in the adjustment bureau were "dead weight." He did not go more than an hour, or at the outside, more than two hours, before he was told that the Senator Smoot added that "employees of the government who visited my office this morning were a dead weight." The few days the head of a division in one of the departments called in all the employees and told them that upon a certain day there would be an investigation made as to whether or not they were doing any work. The division, and he told all the employees that on that particular day they would be asked to leave the government. He had no work for them and if they had no work they were to leave.

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